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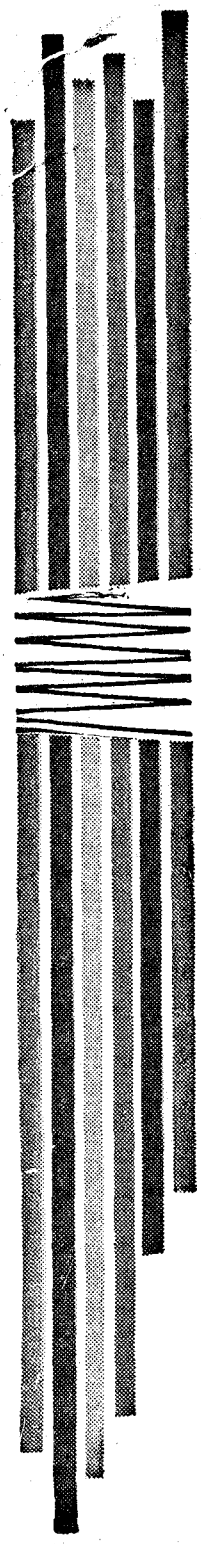

DENNING
A MINORITY REPORT
Olga Stringfellow

CLASS, COLOR AND PREJUDICE
Bruno Bettelheim

The New Frontier and Europe
MOMENT FOR CHOICE
Fred Warner Neal

The Twenty-Fifth Child
Richard Haitch

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LETTERS

Thirst to bet

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Quack Medicine" (Sept. 21) sensibly notes the parallel between addiction to alcoholism and addiction to gambling. Curiously, however, you do not pursue the parallel to its logical conclusion. . . . The destructive effect on some people of both drinking and gambling has produced attempts to forbid them to all people. . . . Prohibition of gambling is open to precisely the same objections as prohibition of alcohol, and attempts to enforce it will ultimately suffer the same fate as the 18th Amendment.

Robert Claiborne

Right to preference

Rockville Center, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Loren Miller's fine article "Prosperity through Equality" (Sept. 21) presented a cogent appeal to self-interest in support of the reparations that the American Negro community deserves. As is usual with most militant statements on the civil-rights crisis, it is lacking in only one important feature: a full sense of historical perspective. . . .

On May 15, 1864, a report was made to the Secretary of War, who, as civilian chief of what had become an army of liberation and occupation, was perplexed and vexed by the economic, social and administrative problems existing in the areas where emancipation had become a reality. The conclusion of the American Freedmen's Inquiry Commission makes apt reading for today:

> For a time we need a freedman's bureau, but not because these people are Negroes, only because they are men who have been, for generations, despoiled of their rights. . . .

We must teach our people that these things must be done, not because it is to our advantage but, to quote somebody or other, because it is *right.*

Howard N. Meyer

Trash and bungling

Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sirs: I have just read Fred Cook's "The Ordeal of Captain Kauffman" (Sept. 14). At once I wonder where the Air Force's evidence *is* and whether there is more to sustain this conviction. The few particles of evidence by the coached government witness are among the trashiest I have ever seen. The investigative and interrogatory techniques of the OSI are not only shameful and deplorable, but equally unforgivable for all the bungling.

Doug Crouch
Criminal District Attorney
Tarrant County, Texas

Cool and persuasive

Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Lord Taylor's paper on medicare ["America's Medical Future," *The Nation*, Sept. 28], is the best I've read. Dispassionate, with no apparent ax to grind, compassionate and aware of the needs of doctors and society and not prejudiced toward either — I found it cool and persuasive. . . .

David G. Covell, M.D.

A little naive?

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I am amazed at the singular short-sightedness of Frank Kowalski's article, "American Plants Abroad" (*The Nation*, Oct. 5). I thought he was about to propose higher tariffs and credit control.

Does Mr. Kowalski realize that a "favorable" balance of trade must be financed by somebody? Granted we are over-financing our own surplus, but has he considered that our balance-of-payments woes may be largely due to the payments mechanisms themselves? Isn't his distinction between "laissez-faire" American operations and the "socialistic" European system a little naive? Are you people really infuriated at the possibility that some goods going to Red China originated in American-owned foreign plants?

Mr. Kowalski *does* spend a paragraph or two flaying big business, but if that's the only reason you printed his article I'm very disappointed.

Charles R. Morris

After the test ban

Penrhyndeudraeth, Wales

Dear Sirs: Adlai Stevenson, on behalf of the United States Government, justified the blockade of Cuba which launched the Cuban crisis by declaring in the United Nations a new doctrine. He said that it was not necessary to have an open declaration of war. The mere presence of "aggressive weapons" was a sufficient act of hostility to justify measures such as were taken by the United States. . . .

After the test-ban treaty, a major issue to be settled is the matter of the spread of these very weapons, the mere presence of which constitutes, according to Mr. Stevenson, an act of aggression. The Soviet Union has refused to allow its weapons of nuclear or nuclear-rocket character to come into the possession of China or other Communist states.

The United States is now giving nuclear warheads to Canada, negotiating with France with a view to giving her a nuclear device, flirting with West Germany along these same lines, establishing new nuclear rocket bases in Turkey, placing nuclear submarines in Japan and urging India to accept rockets in the course of her massive arming.

I agree with Mr. Stevenson that the justification for his government's reck-

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The Issue for 1964

Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* accompanied the President on the latter's "nonpolitical" tour and made some incisive observations. The background of the tour (despite its political asepsis) is that in 1960, Mr. Kennedy carried only Minnesota and Nevada among the ten Western states he visited. Even on a nonpolitical tour a President cannot wipe from his mind the realities of politics, and it is no aspersion on Mr. Kennedy that he tried to say that which would make the people happy and get him some votes in 1964. What issue would that be?—in the West, conservation, naturally. So conservation, especially water supply, is what the President stressed at the outset. But it seemed oddly unconvincing, even to the President himself. Wicker says that at Duluth, for instance, he "bumbled and digressed" through a statement of his Administration's domestic program, while the Grand Forks speech, the reporters agreed, was even worse. The people came out in force, but force was what the President lacked.

At Billings, finally, he caught his stride, but on another theme. It was, in Wicker's words, a sure-fire item: the limited nuclear test-ban treaty. When he mentioned it the crowd began to cheer and whistle, and the ovation grew when the President suggested it was a start toward preventing the death of perhaps 300 million people in a nuclear war. A more or less parallel reaction emerged at Great Falls, and Hanford. What was really extraordinary was that the test-ban treaty evoked the loudest applause in rock-ribbed Salt Lake City. On the Tabernacle platform, with the other Mormon apostles, sat Ezra Taft Benson, whose son Reed runs the John Birch Society in Utah. When the President defended his foreign policy, which to the John Birchers is appeasement or worse, the crowd gave him a roaring ovation. Wicker's conclusion is that if there is an overwhelming right-wing sweep in those parts, the crowd didn't seem to be aware of it.

When one ponders it a little, why shouldn't peace be a popular issue, more popular even than conservation? The generality of voters may not be Einsteins, but they are not idiots either. They are aware that water will do them no good if it is filled with radioactive isotopes. They don't want their children to die, and they don't want to die themselves, in a war that would be the culminating insanity of a million years of human and semi-human existence. They are putting first things first.

The Nation suggested editorially (May 11, 1963) that it would be a good thing for the country if Senator Goldwater were nominated by the Republicans. Others, including James Reston of *The New York Times,* have since come to the same conclusion. Senator Goldwater certainly is not for war (who is?) but he is equivocal in his desire for peace. He is bellicose in a quiet way, and he appeals to a section of the electorate that has learned nothing from the splitting of the atom. The President should have learned from his trip through the West that a continuation of steps toward peace would make for a meaningful election in 1964, and one that he would be sure to win.

Show Biz in Washington

Senator John McClellan's Permanent Investigations Subcommittee is as much of a fixture as the Statue of Liberty. Unlike the statue, however, it is wired for sound and television, and never has the sound been louder, the lights brighter, than for Joe Valachi, succinctly characterized by *Time* as "an aging (60), two-bit punk—once a thief, a dope pusher, a willing killer for syndicate chiefs, now turned stool pigeon." Valachi's defection has certainly paid off, both for him and for the subcommittee. They have achieved a sort of community of interest, based on the subcommittee's craving for publicity and Valachi's need to please his new employers. It is hard to say who is doing whom the greater service. Such intimacy has rarely been witnessed in a Congressional hearing room. Most of the Senators, including the chairman, address Valachi by his first name, and if the hearings continue much longer he may be doing the same for them. It is a far cry from, for instance, the hearings conducted by the House Committee on Un-American Activities into the trip to Cuba by some American college students who may, indeed, be neo-Trotskyites or whatnot, but who have not learned that the way to get on in the world is to live a life of crime and then inform on your accomplices.

These goings-on in the Senate cast considerable light on the Washington scene. For the members of the subcommittee it is a welcome change from the tiresome testimony of the TFX investigation, which developed millions of words of technical data and will not produce the kind of anti-McNamara report Senator McClellan would like to see. Then there is the unfinished Billie Sol Estes investigation. For the Congress as a whole, a big gangster investigation is welcome publicity. Maybe the legislators aren't doing much legislating on the knotty problems of racism and civil rights, but an investigation vying with old gangster movies tends to take people's minds off Birmingham —or so they hope.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy may share in this belief. He also has a more positive motive. He has been urging Senator McClellan to line up with the Justice Department's proposals to broaden the legal limits of wire tapping. Of course illegal tapping, by both private and official agencies, goes on all the time in some states, but the Attorney General would like to see it done federally, and in a more decorous way. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, he is particularly eager

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to tap freely in "a wide category of security cases without applying for a court order." The *Times* is not renowned for gentleness with security risks but such a bill, it feels, "would put very formidable powers in the hands of the U.S. Attorney General—and such powers could be abused. It might seem very well to some people to break up Cosa Nostra, the Black Hand or whatever it may be called, but in their approbation of criminal hunting they might be overlooking a decisive step in the direction of the national police state."

As a straight show the circus is fine, but the Valachi circus is a bad show, in the wrong arena, and capable of harmful side effects that may well offset its obvious entertainment value. Legislation of the kind the Attorney General proposes would constitute a serious threat to basic civil liberties. Nor has it ever been demonstrated that the failure to break up organized crime is due to the absence of such legislation. Quite the contrary, the needed legal tools are available; what has been lacking is the will to act.

Colonel Van and General Harkins

Not without reason, Defense Secretary McNamara is regarded as the most capable member of the Cabinet, and no doubt the President was well advised to send him to South Vietnam to survey the situation there with General Maxwell Taylor. But the two emissaries labored under a considerable handicap in their mission, and they may have neglected some pertinent data which they could have got stateside in the newspapers and on TV.

The handicap was General Harkins, commander of the 14,000 (or is it 16,000?) U.S. military mission, perhaps not the greatest soldier the Army has produced in recent years, but certainly the greatest optimist. There could not be a wider difference between the picture American correspondents have portrayed on the Vietnamese battlefields and General Harkins' reiterated contention that we were winning the war. According to *Time* (October 4), Harkins was always at the side of McNamara and Taylor. "What were the official visitors learning?," *Time* asks. "Skeptics suggested that junior officers would hardly furnish them with anything but a rosy view so long as the boss—General Harkins—was hovering within earshot."

On the other hand, here is Lt. Col. John Paul Van, not a junior officer but one of field grade, with plenty of field experience in the Vietnamese war. Colonel Van was the senior American officer in the crucial Mekong Delta before he resigned from the infantry in April, after narrowly escaping court-martial because of his views. This despite the fact that he had previously been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Purple Heart, and been recommended for the Legion of Merit while he was in Vietnam. Bravery is expected of a soldier, but in Van's case it was combined with ability—he was given the highest efficiency rating by his superior. On the record, he would appear to be qualified to tell what was happening. Late in September, he told it to Thomas P. Ronan of *The New York Times* and to Roy Neil on the Huntley-Brinkley Show.

The two accounts jibe and what they add up to is that the Americans fighting in Vietnam are sacrificing their lives not for their country, but for the Ngo cabal. The Ngo government does not want its soldiers to fight and sustain casualties, and it does not want to see the war go too well. For if the Vietcong were indeed suffering defeat, American aid might slacken, and that $1,500,000 a day pouring into the country keeps Diem on the Presidential throne and his family in power. What if the war were won? The Buddhist rebellion is a harbinger of what would happen. The people would rise against the Ngos, and this time they could not be put down by the special troops financed by the CIA, nor by any force the Ngos could muster.

One reason the peasants hate the Ngos is because their families and friends suffer casualties in the artillery and air bombardments the Vietnamese army prefers to dirty hand-to-hand fighting. Says Van: " . . . since the enemy is so hard to identify anyhow—since it is a war which requires the utmost discrimination and the most discriminate weapon other than a knife is . . . a rifle in the hands of a qualified infantryman, we are . . . killing a lot of innocent people." The Vietnamese field commanders stay in their command posts. The Americans "walk into these hamlets and see the dead women and children and the wounded children. . . . And they realize—the Americans do—that this isn't helping the war effort."

It might, however, help the American cause in general if Secretary McNamara, General Taylor and the President pondered what Colonel Van has to say.

Muckraker, 1963 Style

The term "muckraking" was popularized by Teddy Roosevelt to designate the social criticism that he found obnoxious. It was supposed to have gone out with Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens and *Everybody's Magazine*. Lately, however, the phoenix has risen; once more the muckraker is at work, disturbing vested interests and befouling the beautiful images that public-relations artists have created. The neo-muckraker, however, is more apt to be a muckrakeress. Typically, she is young in spirit but chronologically in her middle years, like Rachel Carson, whose bestseller has made a lot of people think twice before applying pesticides indiscriminately. Or Jessica Mitford who, like Miss Carson, was a highly successful writer before she took to muckraking the $2-billion-a-year funeral industry.

Naturally, in such cases the aggrieved industry tries to defend itself. The result is to convert public suspicion into certainty. The undertakers in particular have had this unfortunate experience, both on TV and in print. On TV, one defender of expensive funeral arrangements argued that if you feel guilty about the way you treated your late mother, for instance, the best therapy (for yourself) is to give her a lavish funeral. This will also make the undertaker feel better.

Mitchell Gordon of *The Wall Street Journal* interviewed funeral directors and got their reactions to Miss Mitford's contention that many American funerals are vulgar, tasteless, expensive displays, and that the rem-

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edy is to arrange beforehand for a simple, decent burial (or cremation) through a nonprofit memorial society. The results, in any other field, could only be termed hilarious. Some undertakers have suggested that criticism of Cadillac-style funerals is a Communist plot. Others say that it is only fitting that status should be exemplified in death as in life. "People are just buying more," says an eminent San Francisco mortician. "Normal starting prices for funerals in this area are pretty much unchanged from the $500 or so we were getting ten years ago. But standards of dying, like standards of living, are higher. In lots of places not only air-conditioned mortuaries but air-conditioned limousines are demanded."

Soon the corpses will demand air-conditioned hearses. All this costs money, of course, and takes a bit of selling. Gordon tells of a four-day "merchandising symposium" for funeral directors which wound up with a talk titled: "As Ye Price, So Shall Ye Reap," a beautiful religious sentiment which the clergy will appreciate. The clergy are, in fact, something of a problem to the morticians who, Gordon asserts, almost invariably try to keep them out of the casket selection room, lest they interfere with "trading up." The good will of the clergy is sought by various devices, mostly psychological, but an interesting gimmick is an "earth dispenser" which is distributed to build clerical "good will." Instead of dirtying his hands sprinkling earth on the coffin as he says, "Dust unto dust," the compliant clergyman uses the dispenser and thinks of the funeral director who furnished him with this indispensable tool.

The Sovereign Remedy

Nuisance-makers take a more tranquil view of their handiwork if it occurs far from their homes. In the pre-test-ban period, this country and Britain were inclined to minimize the fallout that fell on the peoples of the Pacific. France now would like to shift its tests from the Sahara to the Pacific where the protests, it was hoped, would be fewer and milder. New Zealand and Australia are of course indignant. But protests seldom bring nuisance-makers to their senses. The remedy has always been to compel them to confine their activities to their own back yards. For example, this country finds itself having to conduct nuclear tests underground, on its own territory, and so from Nevada come reports that underground tests are now thought to involve serious health hazards. Peril is seen in "ventings" which permit radioactive debris to break to the surface. Latest data suggest that some children in Utah and nearby states may have drunk dangerously contaminated milk. It is also beginning to be suggested that radioative debris thrown into the air above Nevada might be wafted across the border into Canada. This sounds as though some government agencies, and quite a number of residents of the affected states, were now anxious to halt underground tests. And now that we have decided to test supersonic missiles in Utah and New Mexico, an extensive "educational" campaign had to be launched to convince residents that the tests are safe. Doubtless the enthusiasm of these hardy Western types for such testing will abate now that tests are to take place over *their* heads.

Class, Color and Prejudice . . . Bruno Bettelheim

The tragedies, big and small, which occur daily on the streets of our big cities; the deep emotions roused by the murder of children attending Sunday school; our concern that such things must not be permitted to happen; all this and much more tend to make us see in them a unique American problem. Worse, we now accept as a racial problem what in my opinion is a problem of modern industrial society, neither uniquely American, nor confined to the relations between white and Negro. To use an example from an area where there is presently much controversy: all over the world, wherever and as far back as an organized school system existed, the children of the poor, and of the less privileged classes, had only inadequate access to good education, could gain it only against heavy odds, and because of this, their occupational opportunities were severely limited. This is true even where in theory education is equally accessible to all. It was and is true even in all those countries where all children are of the same skin color.

Perhaps the great "American Dilemma," viewed at a distance, permits seeing more clearly what are the essentials of the conflict, and what the accidentals of time, place and skin color. To me, a Jewish boy who grew up in the intensely anti-Semitic Vienna of Lueger—which incidentally formed Hitler's anti-Semitism too—the American dilemma does not seem peculiarly American at all, but merely a local variation of a universal problem. Having once experienced discrimination and persecution as bad as any Negro's, and this from persons whose skin was like mine, I feel that differences in color fail to explain problems which often are ascribed to them.

These thoughts came to my mind when recently reading a sensitive story of a Jewish boy's encounter with the Negro problem in Brooklyn, a story that found wide attention and evoked some controversy. I refer to Norman Podhoretz's article, "My Negro Problem—and Ours," which appeared in the February issue of *Commentary*, and the exchange of letters in the following issues of that magazine. He describes his experiences as he grew up in an environment where Jews and Negroes lived in close proximity, but where soon a deep gap separated them, a gap which he feels had to do with the difference

Bruno Bettelheim is Rowley Professor of Education at the University of Chicago. Of his several books The Informed Heart *(Free Press of Glencoe) is most pertinent to this article.*

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in racial background. This I find hard to accept, because I can match practically every incident of his story with one out of my childhood; and this goes, I venture to guess, for many Jewish boys of my generation. In Vienna there was a "Carl" with whom I walked to school every day, who was my friend, and who nevertheless suddenly hit me one day, announcing that we were quits from now on because my people had killed Jesus. There were the boys who extorted money: who beat us if we handed it over because we were dirty cowards, and who beat us if we didn't, because we were miserly Jews. During the years of the First World War came the added charges that we were draft dodgers or black marketeers. And all this without the presence of any color difference or—as far as I was concerned—any racial difference (though the gentiles insisted we belonged to a different race).

Nobody considered any of this the consequence of a Viennese, German or Central European dilemma. It was the natural fate of the Jew. Or so it seemed to me in the earlier days of my childhood. Therefore it was quite an eye opener for me when I entered the Gymnasium and the picture changed. No longer were the Jews singled out. The frequent name calling and verbal threats, the occasional attacks and small extortions, all these happened to gentile students, too, though less often and less violently so. They too had become targets of the hostility of former friends, boys who were now continuing their education in the free public schools. Though only yesterday they had been friends, they were now strangers or open foes. It was always open season for war on us Gymnasium students, Jew or gentile, as far as the public-school boys were concerned.

In the public schools, too, the bond of common aspirations and class position made itself felt. Now that it was one class against the other, the few Jewish boys in the public school made common cause with the vast majority of their gentile classmates against all Gymnasium boys. And with us it was the same. Jew and gentile closed ranks against public-school boys. And this though the war between Jew and gentile continued inside the Gymnasium.

Again, as we outgrew childhood and became adolescents, the picture changed. Our antagonists had left school by then and become apprentices in shops and factories, while we continued our studies. The gulf widened. Except for gang fights or for rare individual acts of violence, we were now too separated by an icy hostility on their part, and a thinly veiled anxiety on ours—yes, and guilt because we were the more fortunate ones—for even verbal invectives. *They* felt they had never had a chance, and that *we* had deprived them.

Now our two worlds—the world of those who pursued their higher education, and of those who were already workers — had nothing in common, not even our fighting each other. But within the world of the Gymnasium, the old fight between Jews and gentiles continued. Given the social amenities binding those who aspired to become upper-middle class, there was no longer open violence, not to mention extortion. These were replaced by social ostracism of a more subtle nature.

This taught me then, at an early age, that what in previous generations had been the persecution of the Jews and still looked like it, had essentially become a special aspect of the universal warfare between rich and poor; even between those who were actually poor at the moment but aspired to better their social and economic positions, and those others who accepted that it was hopeless to try to better their lot. Later, in Hitler's concentration camps, I made similar observations. There, too, behind the "racial" warfare one could clearly detect the class structure that underlay and overlapped the group hostilities. The violence of the lower-class S.S. guards vented itself much more formidably against upper-class persons, Jewish or not. By comparison, the lower-class Jew had an easier time of it if he knew how to appeal to the common lower-class background he shared with the S.S. Even in the concentration camps, and until the extermination policy began, class alignment often won out over racial policies in the eyes of the German guards. Interestingly enough, the concentration camp's own "class" system erased old class lines and instituted its own distinctions between the haves as against the have-nots (the prisoner foreman against the ordinary prisoner, for example). So, despite their sympathies with their fellow Jews, when the chips were down the Jewish prisoner aristocracy more often than not sided with the gentile prisoner aristocracy against Jewish and gentile ordinary prisoners.

One further parallel: from childhood on I had heard stories of the rich gentile man who could have sexual fun only with the poor Jewish girl, a fairy tale recently retold in the play *Two for the Seesaw*. And of the rich Jewish boy who found his sex pleasures only with the poor gentile servant girl. I also heard much about the guilt suffered by the gentleman for seducing the poor girl, and how he was hated, or feared to be hated, by the girl's family. In fact, precious few poor girls were seduced, and none to speak of were raped by the gentleman class. They did not need to be. The more usual course of events was that the poor girl, both because of her psychological and economic needs, seduced the rich young gentleman and enjoyed herself considerably in the process. Nor did her relatives hate the so-called seducer, but tried to gain some advantage for themselves. All this was mainly a class phenomenon, and existed in a wholly white society. It had nothing to do with race, because there were no racial differences. There was no Central European dilemma.

An entire mythology has been woven around the supposed guilt of the white man and the innocence of the Negro. Only last week a Negro cab driver in Chicago told me reassuringly that not all Negroes hate all white men; that white men, like me, only think it because of our guilt at having abused poor Negro girls. (I did not quite dare tell him that I never had any close relations to a Negro female, nor any sexual relations with one, because I feared he would have taken it to mean that I deliberately shun them, which I do not. It has come to pass that whatever a white man does is wrong: if he has intimate relations with Negroes, he takes advantage of them; if he abstains, it only proves his white arrogance.) When I assured him, however, that I had never seduced a Negro girl and therefore did not feel guilty, he told me that this made no difference. I

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felt guilty and I feared Negro hatred because my ancestors had enslaved Negroes and abused Negro females. Such small considerations as that my ancestors lived in East European ghettos at the time of Negro slavery were not allowed to interfere with the myth.

Having fought the doctrine of guilt by association when McCarthy used it against liberals, it is amazing to witness the readiness with which the same liberals accept his doctrine when it states that all white men are guilty because white people actually took advantage of Negroes long before they were born. These liberals seem to feel that McCarthy was right, after all, and that there is such a thing as guilt by association. Not even McCarthy hoped to establish guilt by association with the deeds of one's great-grandfather.

Yet there is a guilt, both in my native Vienna and in Chicago where I live. It is the guilt of the man who is not his brother's keeper, of the man who lives in comfort when others live in squalor. It is a guilt if he is sensitive, and a fear whether he is sensitive or not; it is also the origin of the hatred in those who hate him because he has it better. Only it has nothing to do with the "peculiar institution" which is a matter of the past, or with an "American Dilemma." It has to do with the plain fact that the rich live in comfort, and the poor do not.

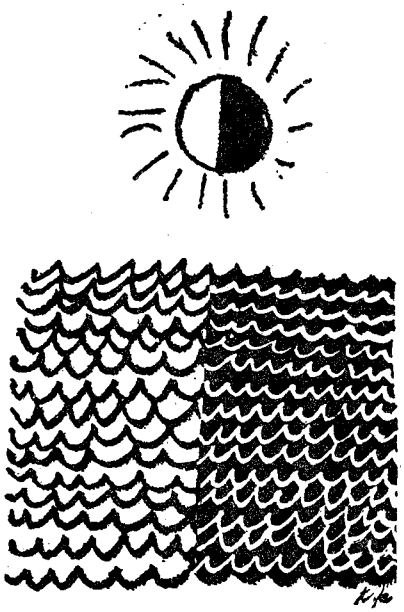
The attitudes of white and Negro to each other are largely conditioned by the fact that the vast majority of whites are considerably better off than the vast majority of Negroes. If we were all aware of the findings on personality attitudes among the poor, we would recognize that what makes us uneasy in our relations to the Negro is exactly what makes us uneasy in our relations to the poor, and has precious little to do with skin color. When a nearly all-white population was studied, the investigating psychiatrists found that, by and large, the poor (whites) are "suspicious . . . prone to depression, show lack of trust in others," exactly the attitudes most whites feel when confronted by chance meeting with an anonymous group of Negroes. They are exactly the attitudes I encountered in a poor district of Vienna when I, a middle-class person, was confronted with a basically distrustful, if not outright hostile, group of anonymous workers.

The class basis of color prejudice is further indicated by a fact that is sometimes mistakenly viewed as negating it: namely, that lower-class whites are often more prejudiced than upper-middle-class persons. This again has to do with class position. A group insecure in its social position is most afraid and resentful of the group just below, particularly when the lower group is trying to advance itself. Similarly, every class is most jealous of the group just above it, although on a rational basis the classes way ahead would seem to be much more logical targets. So each class is most jealous of the class just above, and most afraid of and angry at the class just below—despite the fact that on a rational level these are the groups with whom they should make common cause. To compound matters, this is not only a social phenomenon. As Freud pointed out, there are also deep psychological causes for the violent hostility existing between groups that are separated by only small differences, while these feelings become much more moderate as social distance between groups increases.

If we are serious about the Negro problem, we will have to free ourselves of the myth that this is basically a classless society, or that the upper classes and the poor can live together peaceably. In the United States, the existence of color differences permitted this myth to persist, because what are conflicts between classes could be ascribed to differences in skin color.

The confusion about the American white-Negro relations comes from an unwillingness to separate a class problem from a race problem, if there is one. We are going to have to face the fact that in present-day America, a much larger percentage of the Negro group is lower class than their total number warrants, though a white lower class is by no means absent. How much all this is a class problem is reflected in the fact that there is no seduction of middle-class Negro girls by middle-class white boys, but quite an incidence of seduction of middle-class white girls by middle-class or even lower-class Negro boys. This parallels the phenomenon described earlier, of my native Austria. The heiress or the count's daughter who ran off with the chauffeur or the groom provides an easy parallel, and for the same psychological reasons. They have precious little to do with race, but a great deal to do with class position, and with what one class believes in regard to the sexual freedom or prowess of the other. D. H. Lawrence, leaving nothing to chance, made Clifford Chatterley impotent, in a wheel chair, whence his wife fled to the lower classes for erotic fulfillment.

If James Baldwin concluded his recent statement on the race prob-



lem with the threat, "the fire next time," this too has a familiar ring. The class-conscious white workers of Vienna, and their Marxist leaders, threatened the white upper classes with destruction in nearly the same words and with the same accusations: because they had robbed the lower class of its human dignity, did not recognize its members as individuals, viewed them as faceless.

All this suggests it is high time we began to bring clarity into our complex white-Negro relations by recognizing what belongs to class conflict as such, irrespective of history or skin color. This is not to deny that the color difference has indeed greatly complicated matters by now. Intolerance has always been due to anxiety and frustration, and served as an outlet for hostility. But intolerance of a specific minority can never be viewed in isolation

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but must always be analyzed within its societal context. Minorities have been used for the displacement of internal conflicts (the pull of unacceptable instinctual desires, for example) if their position in society makes it "logical" to displace such tendencies (sex libertinism, dirtiness, laziness) onto them.

Moreover, it would seem that when several minority groups are available and they differ in physical characteristics, such as skin color, the minority showing greater physical difference is used for projecting anxieties associated with dirt and sex desires. The minority whose physical characteristics are more similar to those of the majority tend then to become a symbol for anxieties concerning overpowering control. In Germany, the whole list of stereotypes was applied to the Jews, which in the United States was divided between Jews and Negroes. In German anti-Semitic propaganda, Jewish dirtiness and sexual immorality were greatly emphasized. (If I discuss these things all too sketchily here, it is because to say more would only repeat what others and I have discussed extensively elsewhere — for example, in *Dynamics of Prejudice* and *The Informed Heart.*)

Thus the problem arises neither because of poverty alone, nor because of the deep psychological roots of intolerance alone. As Podhoretz says, he was poor, too, like the Negroes who beat him up. And not even all Negroes are born into or remain in the lower strata. What counts just as much is how deprived one *feels*, and how much one *feels* one can alter the conditions of one's life. Neither the individual's life history alone nor social conditions alone account for race hatred. Unfortunately, in the case of the Negro, the actual social realities of this moment militate against a hopeful outlook. He is born with a fence around him, and he *feels* the fence even more impregnable than it actually is.

Which again accounts for the extremity of Baldwin's position, and for the appeal of the Black Muslim slogans to those who rage at a vista without hope. The degree of the Negro's hopelessness has its counterpart in the degree of his violence. Podhoretz is correct. He fears the Negro in the dark whose predominant feeling is hate and despair. "If I have nothing to lose, here goes nothing." What the true situation really is becomes immediately apparent if we ask ourselves: Would Podhoretz or would I tremble if we met James Baldwin on a dark street? Certainly not; we would be delighted to meet him because, despite the color difference, he is one of us.

To be freed of the class issue, or to accept as class issue what is class issue, might at least permit lower-class whites and Negroes, and middle-class whites and Negroes, to live quite successfully together. As long as radical class differentiations exist, it is to expect the millenium to believe that lower-class Negroes will not hate middle-class or upwardly mobile whites, or that middle-class whites will not fear lower-class Negroes and whites.

Expecting the millenium in this world has always led to avoidance of doing in the here and now what can be done to relieve a social ill. The existence of the color line has permitted both white and Negro Americans to overlook the class problem by pointing to the color problem. Being afraid of the Negro robber and rapist has permitted all too many white people to forget about the white robber and rapist. Above all, it obscures the fact that precious few well-to-do people rob or rape. And it has permitted the Negro to blame on the color line hardships that grow out of the contradictions in our social and economic system.

All this is said not to belittle the seriousness of the Negro problem for both whites and Negroes. But, to blame all our difficulties on color is to take skin color much too seriously, and of such an over-evaluation of color (or "racial") differences I do not wish to be guilty.

The New Frontier and Europe

MOMENT FOR CHOICE . . . . . Fred Warner Neal

The major problem of United States foreign policy has long been a cold-war *immobilisme* that arose in the Truman administrations. Some few statesmen have perceived—however dimly—the need for change, but have been inhibited from action by a public rigidity which, if it were not itself created by administration policies, was molded by them. Only intelligent and courageous Presidential leadership can break such an impasse. With the exception of a brief attempt by President Eisenhower after Dulles, that leadership, up until now, has not materialized.

One does not have to endorse all President Kennedy's positions to recognize that he seems now to have taken some steps toward breaking out of the strait jacket, and to applaud him for it. But the task is an incredibly difficult one and no brief essay on his part will suffice. The central question, therefore, is whether the changed mood implied by New Frontier foreign policy is ephemeral, or whether it reflects new basic thinking and thus may presage new policy.

The evidence is ambiguous. The most important indication that more than a passing mood may be involved is the President's American University speech of last June. There, he went to the heart of the matter by calling for a re-examination of American attitudes toward the Soviet Union. That such a statement was long overdue does not detract from the fact that it was probably the best and most realistic statement on foreign policy made by an American President since the end of World War II.

Another clue to Presidential thinking may be Mr. Kennedy's inadequately reported statement at an

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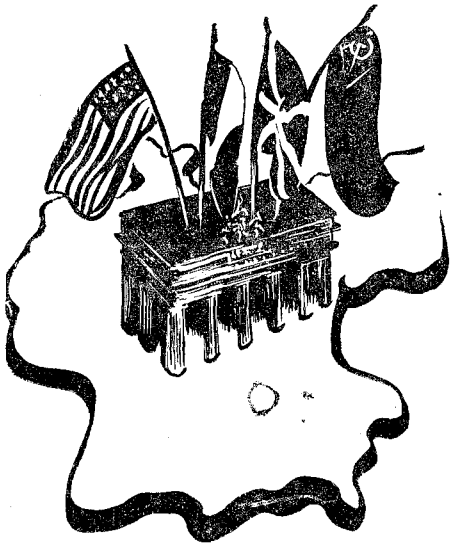
August press conference that there is no real defense against a thermonuclear attack. It was the first time that the American public had been exposed to such reality from on high, and it, too, was long overdue.

Finally, there is the test-ban treaty. The President has resolutely pursued it and realistically labeled it a first, tiny step that could lead to something more fundamental. Moreover, he did not reject out of hand the Soviet proposal for a follow-up nonaggression pact between the NATO and the Warsaw Pact countries, but has explored alternatives of a similar nature that may be more palatable to us and still acceptable to Moscow.

The test-ban treaty, however, illustrates the ambiguity of the evidence, as well as the size of the problem the President faces if he is now really determined to tackle foreign policy from a new position. As Norman Cousins pointed out in a letter to *The New York Times*, Administration testimony in favor of the treaty went "far beyond the requirements of reasonable assurance into provocation and even cynical argumentation," filling the air "with all sorts of statistics on the ease with which vast numbers of Russians can be killed."

As the President has said, the test-ban treaty is only a necessary first step toward removing the danger of nuclear war, and it may well be that, given Capitol Hill paranoia, the kind of testimony the Administration presented to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and incidentally to the public at large, was necessary to insure ratification.



On the other hand, this approach to the first step only makes later steps more difficult. It also raises questions about the extent and kind of new foreign-policy thinking now preoccupying the White House.

The ambiguity is not confined to the test-ban treaty. Sources close to him insist that the American University speech represents Mr. Kennedy's "real thinking." But almost immediately thereafter we were subjected to the spectacle of the President's triumphal march through West Berlin and to the emotional outburst in which he nearly out-Adenauered Adenauer.

It is altogether likely that these two quite conflicting positions were sincerely stated, and that the President was not aware of the conflict between them. If so, it would indicate that such new thinking as is going on is thus far limited and uncertain.

It is of course true that relations with our allies pose almost as many difficulties for a new approach to foreign policy as do public opinion and the Congress. Until now, relations with our European allies — and especially with West Germany—have been an important factor in maintaining the cold war. These relations are now in flux because of the disarray of the European alliance, and the Administration, whatever its international goals, is forced to review them. The danger is that the new evaluation will proceed, not in company with the Administration's presumed new mood, but on the old cold-war basis. Thus it could continue to block what the President presumably wants to achieve—a *détente* with the Kremlin.

Some Presidential advisers are doubtless greatly tempted to see the test ban as a sign of Soviet weakness and to exploit it—along with Moscow's dispute with Peking—by obtaining further Russian concessions while we "stand firm" in old positions. This is not new thinking at all. If there is to be any really new foreign-policy thinking in the Administration, it must involve not only a reconsideration of our attitudes toward the USSR but also of our policy toward NATO and Germany. The three are intimately related.

The validity of NATO is founded on the assumption that there is danger of Soviet military aggression against Western Europe. This is the *idée fixe* that has determined American policy and led the country into the fiascoes of the European Defense Community, the alienation of France and the "multilateral" nuclear deterrent schemes. It has blocked any solution to the German problem by giving West Germany a virtual veto over our initiative. Unless it is overcome and abandoned, here and now, it promises to block progress toward a real *détente* with the Soviet Union.

The fact is that NATO has always been largely a paper organization. That it could ever have provided any defense against Soviet attacks rested on the baseless assumption that a war in Europe could be "limited," that is, less than thermonuclear. But even in that unlikely case, NATO forces have never been strong enough to oppose a concerted Soviet attack. One sometimes wonders why those who espouse the NATO idea think the Russians have stayed their hand. It is sometimes said that they have been deterred by American thermonuclear capacity, but that has nothing to do with NATO; and, in any event, its own credibility is wearing thin. On this score, the main difference between General de Gaulle and our other allies is that he gave voice to his thoughts.

Today, the situation is worse than ever. With France out of NATO for all practical purposes, and the likelihood of a further diminution of Britain's already insignificant role, it is not too much to say that the organization is virtually falling apart.

Faced with this situation, there are military planners in Washington who seek to reconstitute NATO in the form of a Washington-Bonn axis. If NATO had any real military significance, this might make sense, because it would only formalize the long-evident fact that NATO amounts to little more than U.S. forces in Europe backed by the increasing military strength of West Germany.

It is because of West Germany's crucial NATO role, in terms of both forces and geography, that U.S. policy has been so beholden to Bonn. This would be bad enough in itself, but the more serious aspect of it is that it impels us to policies which interfere with the very thing that

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presumably we want — the *détente* with Moscow.

There can be no *détente*, nor any political security or stability, until there is general acceptance of existing boundaries in Central Europe. Today these boundaries are challenged, not by the Soviet Union, but by the West Germans and the Americans, who refuse to accept East Germany and its Oder-Neisse frontier. It is this refusal, essentially, that blocks any solution to the Berlin problem. For—repeated official and newspaper statements to the contrary notwithstanding—the Russians have *not* demanded withdrawal of U.S. and allied troops from West Berlin. They have demanded recognition of East Germany and its borders.

West Germany's reluctance to back away from this conflict of interest is understandable, Bonn being committed to a demand for all of Germany plus (at least) those former parts of the Reich now in Poland. This is a hopeless and disruptive—and therefore a senseless —position. It is also a German position about a German matter. Why does the United States persist in it?

The answer is that we dare not recognize East Germany, or even discuss the matter with the Russians, because we are afraid that if we do West Germany will jeopardize NATO—either by pulling out or by making a deal with the Russians on their own. We feel we cannot take this risk because without West Germany there would be no NATO. And we must maintain NATO because it is necessary to protect Western Europe from Soviet military aggression. So we get right back where we started from.

The reasoning is fallacious all the way through. First, the threat against which NATO is supposed to protect does not exist. Second, if it did exist, NATO would not furnish adequate protection. Third, the West Germans have demonstrated in their bilateral relations with France that they will act independently in their own behalf regardless of our constancy. Fourth, the threat of a Bonn-Moscow "deal" is, like NATO itself, an anachronism.

About this last a word should be said. There is no doubt that the Russians would like to woo the West Germans, but the fact is that they don't have much to woo them with. In earlier years they might well have offered to abandon the East German Communists if Bonn and Washington had agreed that a reunited Germany should stand outside NATO. But Bonn and Washington would not agree to this and, meanwhile, East Germany has been built up into a full-fledged satellite state. Moscow now has so much political capital invested in East Germany that it could not give it up if it wanted to, especially in view of the "hard-soft" dispute with the Chinese. Furthermore, the notorious Ulbricht regime, which once might have responded to a Soviet command to commit suicide, today very likely could not be forced to give in.

That the East German state is here to stay for a long while by no means excludes the possibility of some kind of rapprochement between Bonn and Moscow—leading, possibly, to closer relations between the two Germanys. Indeed, this is quite likely to come about, and whether it proves a bad thing for us or not may depend on whether we wake up to the inadequacies of our policies before the West Germans wake up to the inadequacies of theirs.

It should be added that a settlement in Europe based on some of these considerations would not necessarily mean the end of Western European military collaboration, or even a U.S. military withdrawal from the Continent. NATO as an organization—whatever its military value—*could* go on in much its present form, with or without the Germans and with or without the United States. The Western European nations today are well able to provide their own conventional forces. On the other hand, even without a formal international military organization, European national defenses could be supplemented by U.S. troops if the governments in question desired them; and the troops might be based in this country if the new air-lift test is successful.

How many troops there would be, whether they would include Germans or Americans, whether their flank would be on the Rhine or on the Elbe is of little basic military significance, assuming Soviet aggressive intentions. A war in Europe would be a thermonuclear Armageddon. If it is to be prevented, it will be through political arrangements, not dispositions of conventional military forces.

Nobody anticipates, or even desires, sudden, dramatic reversals of our present positions. Foreign policies do not work that way. The real question is not whether fundamental changes are in the immediate offing but whether the possibility of them is even being considered.

Berlin's New Outlook . . . Leslie R. Colitt

Berlin

West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt had come to Tutzing, a small Bavarian town some 360 miles from the sprawling giant of Berlin, with his closest adviser, press secretary Egon Bahr. The occasion was the tenth anniversary of the local Evangelical Academy's political club, and both men were to speak.

Brandt's words that, "a new relationship between East and West, and thus between Germany and the Soviet Union, is essential in order to solve the German problem," still rang in the ears of those present when Bahr rose to address them.

"Either free elections or nothing, either all-German freedom of decision or a hard no, either elections as a first step or rejection—all this is not only hopelessly antiquated and unreal but it is also senseless in a strategy of peace. Today, it is clear that reunification is not a single act which is put into effect by a historical decree on a historical day at a historical conference, but is instead a process of many steps along the way."

East Germany, he urged, must be transformed with the approval of

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the Soviets. One would have to negotiate with the present hated regime of the "German Democratic Republic," but Bahr noted that this was nothing new. He cited the Trust Authority for Interzonal Trade in this connection and the reference was to the Bonn agency located in West Berlin which regulates East-West German trade in collaboration with its East Berlin counterpart. Since August, 1961, both partners have increasingly dealt with problems of a political nature.

In the course of his remarks Bahr proposed the establishment of a West German agency which would handle "all questions of practical interest arising between both parts of Germany." He indicated that one of the means of lessening dissatisfaction in East Germany—a prerequisite, he felt, to reunification, since a discontented population only strengthens the regime—would be a rise in the East German standard of living. The press secretary closed with words that had never been heard in public from a West Berliner:

We have said that the Wall is a sign of weakness. One could also say that it was a sign of the fear and instinct for self-preservation of the Communist regime. The question is whether there are not possibilities of relieving the regime of these thoroughly justified anxieties so that a perforation of the borders and the Wall could become practicable. This policy one could call change through approximation.

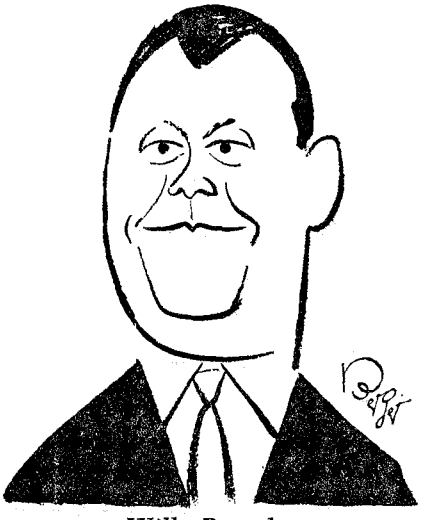
Some of those in the audience remembered a day, seventeen months previously, when a group of foresighted West Berliners also called for a new *Deutschlandpolitik*.

In February, 1962, at a time when few Berliners saw beyond the next tunnel escape and East German border provocation, the Evangelical Academy of West Berlin marked its tenth anniversary with a two-day seminar, "Berlin and the Future." The participants at that gathering recognized many of the realities and truths which now are being publicly aired from Washington to Berlin. At the time, I spoke with Academy director Erich Müller-Gangloff, who observed that although the cold war had long since passed its peak, the conflict still continued on the German battlefield. He said, frankly, that the world no longer had any interest in the reunification of Germany. He added:

The real question now is whether Berlin in the future is to remain merely a bridgehead as in the past or is to become a true bridge. In reality, bridgehead means a battering ram for a reunification which has become illusory.

The same thing could happen to us which did happen during the entire postwar period. We lost our chance for reunification partly because we demanded the Eastern areas settled by Germans. Leipzig and Magdeburg fell out of sight because we couldn't desist from dreaming about Breslau and Königsberg.

Herr Müller-Gangloff outlined the role that a bridge city of Berlin should play if it were to become more valuable to both East and West. With the aid of the Pugwash Conference, he said, the opportunity had come to establish, in a nonpolemical but under no circumstances a nonpolitical atmosphere, a scientific research center of the highest order in Berlin.



Willy Brandt

When I asked him about the possible connection between such a project and the reunification of Berlin, if not Germany, his reply seemed evasive at the time, but has since revealed its importance.

"Golo Mann [historian son of Thomas Mann] observed that now, after reunification has become irretrievable, one must begin to think about a new unification, a future joining together of our sundered people over and beyond the division which will have to be endured for the time being."

The Soviet Embassy in East Berlin heard of these ideas and the result, in February, 1963, was an invitation to Müller-Gangloff and a group of fellow West Berliners for an exchange of thoughts with Premier Khrushchev in East Berlin. It was at this meeting that Müller-Gangloff told Khrushchev:

"The Soviet Union not only has enemies and submissive friends, but there is also a third group of people who wish to show their friendship without being eliminated in the process."

Khrushchev rejoined:

"Would it perhaps be a victory for us to swallow West Berlin? At the most that would be the goal of a petty thief. Our goal is that of gaining the confidence of the people."

Gaining the confidence of West Berliners has indeed been a Soviet aim ever since. West Berlin-based correspondents of the Tass and Novosti news agencies cultivate extensive contacts with West Berliners as do the Soviets employed by the West Berlin offices of Intourist and the Sov-Film bureau.

A minor break in West Berlin ranks was achieved in early May when sixty West Berlin industrialists and businessmen conferred with Soviet trade officials at the Soviet Embassy in East Berlin. Under discussion was an increase in trade between West Berlin and the Soviet Union. West Berlin's newspapers and the city's *Senat* were unanimous in censuring the renegade West Berliners and noted that if the Soviets desired increased trade with West Berlin, then the Soviet trade mission in Cologne, West Germany, was the competent authority.

As on previous occasions in the recent past when West Berliners were denounced by the press and the *Senat* for their contacts with Russians or East Germans, Mayor Brandt did not join in the criticism. The Brandt-Bahr speeches in Tutzing make it quite apparent why he has refrained.

The Russians have not been hindered in their West Berlin work by the Western allies and, in fact, an American official here half-jestingly referred to the area of the city in which most Russian bureaus are located as the "Soviet sector of West Berlin." The Western occupation powers, which hold the supreme governmental authority in West Berlin, could eject the Soviets from their branch offices if they so desired. This has not happened, even

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though the West has no corresponding rights in East Berlin which might be endangered. In fact, allied sources here indicate that the USSR will soon establish a trade mission in the heart of the Western city.

Western passivity can only partially be explained by the interests which the allies have in allowing the Soviets themselves to neutralize anti-Soviet sentiments in West Berlin. More important is the question of Berlin's future. For one thing, the prospects of increased trade and contacts which President Kennedy held out as a result of a *détente* in Soviet-Western relations, could make Berlin most convenient for East and West as a place in which regional trade blocs (Comecon, EEC, etc.) could negotiate. The Soviets have sounded out these prospects in West Berlin and feel they are good.

Understandably, the question asked by informed West Berliners is where East Berlin and the Wall enter the picture.

Responsible persons in the State Department's Berlin mission have indicated that the United States would insist on East Berlin's also becoming the site of such organizations, whatever their nature. The Soviets, on their part, would have no reason to renew their flirt with a "Free City of West Berlin" plan as long as American guarantees for West Berlin remain. It is also believed likely that the Wall would become more porous (West Berliners being allowed to enter East Berlin) when the "tasks for Berlin" proposals reach the stage of serious discussion. Here again the West must respect the East's vital interests (following strategy of peace ground rules) which, for the foreseeable future, include barring East Germans from West Berlin and the Federal Republic. Conversely, the East would have to accept the continued presence of allied troops in West Berlin.

There is no doubt that the well-advanced discussion of a future mediatory role for Berlin causes misgivings in official West Berlin.

Berlin Senator Hans Günther Hoppe, prominent member of the Free Democratic Party, the coalition partner of the Social Democratic Party (SPD) in West Berlin, told me that the national task of reunification would be forgotten if Berlin's only function were to be the seat of international organizations. SPD Deputy Mayor Heinrich Albertz also spoke of the danger of an internationalized Berlin. Berlin, he declared, would then become a separate state.

"Of course, we were always in favor of having secondary UN agencies in this city, but in all of Berlin and not just West Berlin. First, conditions must prevail in East Berlin and East Germany resembling those in Poland and Hungary before there can be any mediatory role for Berlin."

Behind the fears expressed here lies the knowledge that Washington and London have long since abandoned any link between East-West security arrangements in Europe and the reunification of Germany. The Anglo-American views on reunification, as one perceives them here, strongly resemble the new unification theory that views Berlin as the German microcosm which, by example of its East-West functions, would almost imperceptibly extract poison from the atmosphere and draw divided Germany together.

The governing Christian Democratic Union in Bonn is plagued by the thought that evolutionary changes in Berlin's position could loosen the close legal and governmental ties which bind West Berlin to the Federal Republic. The CDU feels that these apprehensions are not unfounded, because the Western forces in Berlin have, since 1949, repeatedly sought to emphasize Four-Power responsibility for Berlin by rejecting Bonn's claim that West Berlin is no different from any of the West German *Länder* (states).

SPD chancellor candidate for the 1965 Bundestag elections, Willy Brandt, has placed himself squarely behind Kennedy's strategy-of-peace concept, with all the risks and unknown quantities it contains when applied to Germany. Brandt feels confident that his *Deutschlandpolitik*, with its Washington backing, will be approved by the German electorate. His successor designate as mayor of West Berlin, Deputy Mayor Albertz, told me:

> *The German people must provide answers to questions which are coming to them rather late. The situation now is not as clear-cut as it was during the 1948-49 blockade or following the Khrushchev ultimatum of 1958 when a friend-foe relationship existed. The strategy of peace is more difficult to explain to the population. We are skeptical of certain features, but are entirely dependent upon new developments as the previous inflexibility brought us nothing.*
>
> *It is the task of the SPD to prepare the electorate for the new issues ahead. In doing so, it will be easier to convince the Berliners than the West Germans of the necessity to face these issues.*

It probably will be, as rank-and-file West Berliners have scarcely reacted to the rapid course of events, except to ask what it will bring them. Since 1945, they have become pragmatists and yearn, perhaps more than any other people today, for some bit of normality in their environment.

The Twenty-Fifth Child . . . . . Richard Haitch

In Detroit a mother of four children has quit her job as a store clerk so that she can qualify for public aid, and the store owner is bitterly telling a reporter what he thinks of federally sponsored aid to such dependent families:

"Wouldn't anybody quit a job if he could make more sitting at home, sipping beer? Here I work day and night so that I can pay taxes—just so she can live in the lap of luxury like those other lazy loafers."

The employer doesn't know it, but the mother has been leaving her children during working hours with an ill grandmother, who is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The children's father deserted some

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years before. Emotionally deprived and with only minimal parental supervision, one of the children, a teen-age girl, is in trouble with the law. The mother feels her place is at home.

The Detroit *News* uncovered many cases like this in an investigation of child welfare. It also found wide public dissatisfaction with the program to aid such families. One critic referred to the assistance as "Christmas for the chiselers."

Such judgments are by no means isolated. Across the country, in a variety of angry tones, a crescendo of criticism has been building for several years against the federal program known as Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), sometimes called simply ADC. So insistent have the charges become that last August the federal government completed a huge hunt for "free-loaders" and other ineligibles in the AFDC programs of each state.

The results, based on detailed samplings, showed that 5.4 per cent of all families getting AFDC in the nation were ineligible. Not all cases of ineligibility involved intent to defraud. Critics nevertheless harp on that 5.4 per cent and largely ignore the 94.6 per cent in need who meet all of the legal tests for assistance.

Many welfare leaders are finding such attacks increasingly ironic; for far from providing "luxury" for all comers, AFDC is hardly doing enough. Its allowances to families are a bare cut above starvation, and in a majority of states do not meet the official minimum living expenses computed by the states themselves. Moreover, under conflicting rules of eligibility in the country, families in need do not always receive aid. In some states the inflexible application of eligibility rules in the face of honest need is encouraging the violations that are popularly referred to as "chiseling."

In the case of the mother of four in Detroit, welfare specialists estimated that the family needed $246 a month as a minimum income to survive. But Michigan, like most states, works out careful budgets and then sets maximums on how far it will go toward meeting them. Michigan's AFDC ceiling for a family of five is $180 a month. To supplement this allowance, the mother had to return to work two days a week. Her monthly earnings were $68.80, of which $20.16 went for work expenses. By the end of the month the family still had a deficit of unmet needs of $17.36.

Luxury on AFDC?

"Anyone who makes the rounds, as social workers do, cannot fail to notice the extreme poverty among AFDC cases," says Zelma J. Felten, director of field services of the Child Welfare League of America. Raymond L. Hilliard, director of Chicago's (Cook County) Department of Public Aid, draws this picture:

The ADC family lives in megalopolis, tightly cordoned off in subcultural enclaves of slum areas, renewal areas, high-rise public housing projects, in addition to myopic community prejudice. Communication with the culture that must sustain them is at a minimum. Without help of their fellow citizens in the outer-ring neighborhoods and distant suburbias, they become prey of all negative forces of the city.

AFDC was not especially controversial when it was enacted by Congress in 1935 as part of the original Social Security program. Its purpose was to prevent the break-up of families with children after the death, desertion or incapacitation of a parent, generally the father. An impoverished mother, instead of being forced to send her children to an institution, would receive the aid necessary to care for them at home. In 1961, the program was expanded to include families in which the father lives at home but is unemployed.

Today the program serves 2,995,000 children in 978,000 families. The totals are rising as the birth rate soars in the United States. One in every twenty-five children in the nation is on the AFDC rolls. The latest detailed study by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare shows that only 8 per cent of the cases involve children whose fathers have died. In 67 per cent of the cases the children lack support because the parents are divorced, separated or unmarried, or because the father has deserted.

The typical family receiving AFDC is made up of four persons, with most of the children under thirteen years of age. Roughly 70 per cent of the families live in cities, and 51 per cent occupy housing that public authorities consider crowded (more than one person per room). Most AFDC mothers are about thirty-five, have had only an elementary school education and are unable to work, either because they must care for their children or are disabled. Only 14 per cent of the mothers have jobs, and only 5 per cent of these work full time.

Under a matching formula, the federal government reimburses the states for part of the cost of aiding AFDC families. In most states this reimbursement covers the major share. As of the end of last year, the U.S. paid $796,862,000, or 57.5 per cent, of all AFDC costs in the nation. States spent $448,887,000, or 32.4 per cent. Local governments —counties and cities—chipped in $140,315,000, or 10.1 per cent.

For the family in catastrophic financial trouble, AFDC poses two formidable hurdles: eligibility and—once having qualified —survival on the allotted grant.

Merely being poor and in need does not necessarily qualify a family for assistance. States have ruled entire families ineligible for AFDC because the mother has had illicit sexual relations or because she is physically able to work, even if no work is available.

Suppose you are a mother with several small children. Your husband has just died or has walked out on you, and you are without funds. Overnight you are in trouble and need help badly. Can you qualify for AFDC until new, long-range plans of income can be worked out?

If you live in the District of Co-

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lumbia, you and your family will get no aid if you are healthy enough to work and arrangements can be made for the care of your children. Even if you are untrained and have never worked, you are expected to go out, somehow find a job and make do. In California or New York, on the other hand, the odds are you would qualify for assistance.

The rules vary, often widely and wildly, across the country. Texas gives no aid to children beyond the age of sixteen; only an exceptionally bright child would be able to finish high school by then. Sixteen states declare families ineligible if the mother is maintaining a "non-legal marital relationship," but in North Carolina this rule applies only to mothers with illegitimate children. Some states give aid to homes in which there is an unemployed father; others will give nothing if there is an able-bodied "man in the house."

The District of Columbia's man-in-the-house rule is interpreted so strictly, a spokesman for the Washington Association of Social Workers told the House District Appropriations Subcommittee, that mothers on AFDC are "suspected" if a man helps them carry surplus food home or takes their children to the zoo.

Each state also sets its own standard of how much money a family on AFDC needs to survive. Once again the standards fluctuate across the nation, with provision only for essentials and in some states no allowances even for school supplies or carfare.

Last spring the Community Council of Greater New York estimated that a New York family of four needs an annual income of $5,325, or $443.75 a month, "to purchase the goods and services needed to maintain an adequate but modest standard of living."

According to latest figures released by the federal government, the monthly minimum AFDC budget for a family of four—for food, clothing, rent, utilities and other essentials—ranges from $124.50 in Arkansas to $295 in Alaska. In between, Maryland estimates that the same family needs $150.90; California, $208.70; New York, $226.85; Missouri, $188.95.

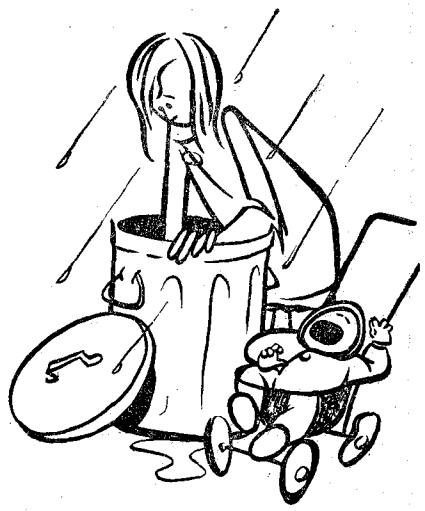
A good many of the budgets are based on outdated cost-of-living estimates. Even so, logic suggests that AFDC grants should at least match these official estimates. Yet in practice they usually don't. Twenty-nine states set maximums on the amounts they will pay, and only rarely do these sums meet all of the budgeted needs of AFDC families. A few other states use the survival budget as a working figure, then slash the grant by a flat percentage.

In some states the AFDC grant shrinks for each child as the family increases. In Delaware, for instance, the first child rates a maximum of $75 a month; the second, third and fourth children, only $12 apiece; the fifth, sixth and seventh, $10; the eighth, $9 a month. Welfare workers sometimes ask whether the appetites of the children are expected to shrink accordingly.

One may wonder how some families can exist on average AFDC grants. Over the country they range from $8.97 a month — about 30c a day — per person in Mississippi to $50.01 — $1.66 a day — for each recipient in Minnesota. For the average family the monthly range is $35.52 in Mississippi to $206.47 in Illinois.

At a conference of citizens in Des Moines a mother of two teenage sons told what it is like to rear a family on a relatively handsome AFDC grant of $151 a month. She pays $40 a month rent for four rooms—"with no hot water or bathtub." That leaves $3.70 a day for all other needs for the entire family during the month—36 per cent shy of the family's survival budget. To help plug the gap, the mother works part-time in a school cafeteria. She hopes some day to become a practical nurse and increase her earnings enough to get off AFDC—if she can ever afford the training. Meanwhile her sons "are just like any other teen-agers," but there is never a cent for such things as Boy Scout dues or Christmas and birthday gifts.

If this is relative well-being on AFDC, how does the family in which the mother cannot work close the gap between grant and needs? Local governments may supplement the state outlays. In Minnesota and New York such supplements by counties or cities amount to 26 per cent of the total AFDC grant. But in twenty-three other states local governments don't contribute a dime in extra aid. For



nearly half the families on AFDC the gap is never closed.

In all, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare reports, cases of unmet need exist in thirty-eight states. At least 46 per cent of all AFDC families face this problem, the department says. Need not met by any source of income averages $40 a month for upward of 409,000 families, and $50 or more for 112,000.

Still the myth persists, even in responsible legislative circles, that AFDC largely provides a life of indolent pleasure. A few months ago nineteen mothers and nine children, all on AFDC, turned up at the State Capitol in Iowa to protest a proposed slash in their welfare funds and to let the legislators see "we're not all frizzy-haired with cigarettes hanging from our mouths," as one mother put it.

"These ladies here seem to be pretty nice," a legislator commented cautiously to the Des Moines *Register*. "But just because you meet a few, you can't judge them all. There are too dang many abuses in ADC."

Welfare leaders concede that AFDC, being a human endeavor, is a target for cheats. But a survey of recipients in forty-three states, completed last May for the American Public Welfare Association by the Institute for Research in Social Science, University of North Carolina, found that in only 4 per cent of the cases is the AFDC grant "not being used primarily for the benefit of the children." In 1961, a study in Chicago put the figure in that city at only 3 per cent.

"A vast majority of families," the national survey reported, "can be

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considered as living in extreme poverty, with income of less than $2,000 a year."

When welfare leaders and critics speak of "abuses," they are not always referring to the same thing. The welfare supporters mean fraud in obtaining and using funds. The critics often mean illegitimate children on the AFDC rolls.

Actually 80 per cent of all AFDC children are legitimate, and the program's illegitimacy trend reflects a sharp rise in such births in the United States among all economic groups. But the charge is frequently heard that AFDC "encourages" illegitimacy. Some states have attempted to bar all families with illegitimate children from aid. When three years ago Louisiana arbitrarily lopped 23,000 such needy children from the AFDC rolls, the U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare ruled the action invalid.

Another "abuse" that critics sometimes complain about is the granting of aid to families in which the father is at home but unemployed. Such help, authorized by Congress, is viewed as encouraging laziness.

Last May, the Board of Supervisors in Alameda County, California, became incensed after the state had extended aid-to-needy-children benefits to families with an unemployed father in the home. "When are people going to wake up?" an outraged supervisor demanded.

The board unanimously agreed that any Alameda father who accepted such aid must henceforth work for the county—clear creeks, patch roads, build parks—and so "earn" his stipend. Such tactics have a seemingly "honest" ring. But welfare leaders point to growing technological unemployment in the country and say that unless communities help retrain displaced workers for other full-time work, punitive decrees like Alameda's will only prolong their stay on AFDC.

The critics are unabashed. "What about the District of Columbia?" they say. An investigation there last year disclosed 57 per cent ineligibles on the AFDC rolls in a sampling of 236 cases. The findings touched off the nation-wide eligibility hunt just completed by the government.

There is no denying the unusually high proportion of illegal AFDC recipients in the nation's capital; there is no denying either that the eligibility requirements there — at the insistence of Congressmen who control the District's budget—are among the most stringent in the country. Among the prime examples of fraud uncovered were cases like this: A mother and six children were getting $191 a month from AFDC. She had reported that the man living with her was a brother-in-law. Actually he was her husband, and he had a job paying $65 a week.

One may ask: Can a family of eight live adequately in a high-rent city on $65 a week? There is no provision for a negative reply in Washington. "We have no welfare program for employable people," notes Donald D. Brewer, acting director of public welfare.

In Illinois, even though a father is fully employed, if his total earnings are deemed inadequate to sustain his family at minimum standards of health and decency, he is entitled to a grant.

If there is a "mess" in AFDC today, as some unimaginative opponents like to state it, it is because we are paying for years of grudging, contemptuous treatment of our poor. Most Americans have never fully accepted the idea that the poverty-stricken should be supported by public funds, says New York City Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson, because they never look at the "barriers and hindrances" that create poverty.

Instead of sympathetic guidance and training to help them overcome their barriers, we have offered families in trouble meager public allotments, have viewed their acceptance of these alms with open suspicion—even to conducting night raids as a check on their honesty—and all the while have demanded of them a puritan thrift, morality and patriotism that many prosperous citizens might envy.

"Failure of the general public to identify with dependent persons is the major problem in administering the ADC program in Cook County," says Public Aid Director Hilliard. "The general public fails to see these families as images of themselves and in particular does not recognize that these families are not equipped to handle the complexities of urban life."

A teen-ager in Detroit described the resulting ground swell of defeatism that sometimes breaks over AFDC families. She told Jo Ann Hardee, a Detroit *News* reporter:

"We're poor. Nobody cares about us. The teachers don't care; the police don't care; my friends don't care. And I don't care much either."

Only recently have there been any realistic indications that somebody does care. Last year the federal government moved to curb the growing need for AFDC. In a series of sweeping amendments, Congress authorized an increase from 50 to 75 per cent in matching funds for state rehabilitation services to AFDC families. The new emphasis is on educating, training and counseling recipients so that they can achieve a steady, self-sustaining income. At the same time more social workers are to be recruited to ease the impossibly high case loads that exist nearly everywhere in the country.

So far forty-four states have submitted welfare rehabilitation plans to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in order to qualify for the higher federal grants, and U. S. officials speak optimistically of stemming the AFDC rolls in the next ten years. But the new spirit has still to touch fully the back areas of America. The big stumbling block is money, and lawmakers and plain citizens in counties, cities, towns and villages have yet to learn that there is no economy in a Scroogian welfare program that perpetuates the problems it purports to cure.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

less blockade of Cuba outlaws such appearance of these weapons in new countries, and renders those already in existence sufficient acts of hostility as to constitute a threat of war. . . . The antinuclear movement has always contended that nuclear weapons are themselves an imminent threat to the peace of the nations and a hostile act. They are instruments of total annihilation which depend on hair-trigger control and on warning systems measured in moments. In technological terms such weapons completely transform the nature of relationships between nation states. Such weapons do not permit formal declaration of hostilities or elaborate consideration of alternative policies.

I hold that all those who condemned their spread to Cuba must now prove the sincerity and consistency of their declared position.

Bertrand Russell

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Her Majesty's Bestseller

LORD DENNING'S REPORT. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. (Distributed in the United States by the British Book Centre.) 114 pp. $2.

Olga Stringfellow

London

On any normal night of the week, Kingsway W.C.2 is deserted by eight and dead by twelve. But not on the night of Wednesday, September the 25th.

Lamplight glowed on a cinema poster of a larger-than-life Latin lovely in a smaller-than-life "something loose" and below, the line formed to the right.

But the queue hadn't come to the movies. The midnight matinee was at Her Majesty's Stationery Office next door and the public was there to learn more about Britain's own "dolce vita." The Denning Report had finally been published.

Sharp at 12:30 A.M., the doors were opened. Half an hour later, 4,000 copies had been sold, two cash registers had broken under the strain and a couple of overenthusiastic reporters had been led away by the Law. Twelve hours on, another 100,000 had been snapped up and the presses were still rolling. [An initial 2,000 copies of the Report arrived in New York five hours later and were sold out immediately.]

Why H.M.S.O. should have chosen such an hour to launch a White Paper —however great the anticipated demand—is still a mystery. But it is part of the three-ring-circus atmosphere which has surrounded the whole business of the Denning Report from start to finish. Ever since the Profumo Affair broke, we have been surfeited with press and television coverage of all concerned. We grew blasé about the pictures of pimps and prostitutes dressed in anything from silk pajamas to a kitchen chair. But we were really shaken when we began to be deluged with Denning. Denning walking with his wife, Denning gardening, Denning pushing a swing, Denning on the up-train.

Anything less in character with that aloof and publicity-shy body of men who make up the Supreme Court would be difficult to imagine. If the aim was to arouse interest in the content of the projected Report, there is no doubt at all that it succeeded. People who never saw a White Paper in their lives before, were down there in that queue on Wednesday morning.

The papers next day gave up almost half their news space to condensed versions of the Report and editorial comment on it. First reactions differed sharply.

The Times felt that, lacking sworn evidence, Lord Denning could have been a little less free with his "utterly unfoundeds." *The Guardian* felt that this was not a form of inquiry calculated to "command immediate public confidence." Both fervently hoped that at least this could be regarded as the end of the affair and that Britain's leaders could get back to leading Britain.

The *Daily Express* called it "dynamite," the *Daily Herald*, "discreet," The *Daily Mirror*, "brilliantly lucid." David Frost, of the anti-Establishment TV show, *That Was the Week That Was*, called it: "All in all, a truly original work." The public by and large called it "whitewash" — and the self-styled *cognoscenti* called it something very rude indeed.

Meanwhile, H.M.S.O. had pronounced it "The biggest bestseller since the Beveridge Report on Social Insurance." And at twice the price of a paperback *Lady Chatterley*, it was selling at twice the pace and actually making a profit for the astonished publishers.

But viewed dispassionately, this welter of unproven data about headless men and sinless ministers can add up only to meaningless farce. No matter who had conducted it, there could be little real value in a one-man inquisition for which none of the evidence was taken on oath and against the findings of which there was no appeal. By its very nature, it could properly vindicate no one.

There is no doubt that Lord Denning has striven hard to do his duty as he saw it. Indeed, his thoroughness on some counts has been quite surprising. The exact dimensions of a cabinet minister's private parts are something new in vital statistics. But it is irritating to come on such trivial inaccuracies as: ". . . on November 7th, 1962, Ward followed up his activities during the Cuban crisis by reporting them to Mr. Harold Wilson, M.P., the Leader of the Opposition." In November, 1962, the Leader of the Opposition was still Mr. Hugh Gaitskell.

The Report runs for 114 pages and sells at 7s6d. It could have been shorter and cheaper—and again less irritating—without the gratuitous comments which are almost as numerous as the grammatical errors. We are told at length what a decent chap Lord Astor is: how much he has done for hospitals, how he has been all over the world for refugees, and all the rest. We are told that Valerie Hobson's support of her husband "over their difficult days" was "one of the most redeeming features" of the events Lord Denning had to describe. We are even told to be kind to Miss Keeler.

But we have our own views on Miss Keeler, thanks very much. And who asked Lord Denning to "describe" Valerie Hobson? And even if Lord Astor had gone right into orbit on behalf of the refugees, a report that sets out to be a serious investigation of security is not the right place to start patting him on the back for it.

Consciously or not, Lord Denning has obviously written his account with one eye to public reaction and that bestseller tag. A glance at the subtitles is proof enough of that: "The 'Darling' Letter"; "He's a Liar"; "The 'Appalling Allegation'"; "The Man in the Mask"; "The Man Without a Head"; etc., etc.

But if these titles smack more of the Yellow Press than the White Paper, the actual paragraphs they head have a decided tang of Blue Pencil. Those who rushed to buy were on the whole vaguely disappointed but largely unsurprised. England, true to tradition, had expected—and Lord Denning, true to prediction, had obliged. In the parlance, he had "done a Nelson." And popular reaction can be summed up in the phrase made famous by Miss Mandy "I'll-go-down-in-history-as-another-Lady-Hamilton" Rice-Davies: "Well, he would, wouldn't he?"

The sick-humored team that plans a musical based on Stephen Ward's last

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scrawled "Thanks for everything" should grab an option on the Denning script; they won't be able to write anything better themselves.

All the perfumes of Araby must have been mixed in with this particularly potent whitewash. And if the iron hasn't yet entered into Mr. Macmillan's soul, the irony can't have escaped him. He it was who called—against considerable opposition—for the Report. And he it was who appointed Lord Denning to prepare it.

Now, he is presented with an almost pristine Christine, ministers so clean and sweet that even their best friends wouldn't know them—and Mr. Macmillan himself the only tattle-tale gray in the whole boiling.

Even Miss Keeler's "lovely huggy bear" Ivanov emerges with only a tinge of tarnish. It seems there was in fact only one little romp on the carpet—unpremeditated and unrepeated—and that the party-loving gent had not, after all, been sharing the lady's services with Mr. Profumo.

Indeed, Lord Denning commands us not to judge Miss Keeler too harshly. She was young. She'd been led astray. She couldn't really be blamed for demanding £5,000 "or else." And anyway, she was apparently only doing it for her Mum.

One laughs that one may not weep. It is not Lord Denning's readers who need reminding that we are all fallible. And he seems to have his values mixed in more ways than one. He apparently finds Mr. Profumo's lie to the Commons a more disgraceful thing than his action in issuing writs for libel and his readiness to commit perjury to sustain his claims, at whatever cost in damaged reputation or financial loss to innocent people. But the first is the action of a fool, and the second the action of a knave.

Nor are his comments on a newspaper photograph of Miss Keeler in "the slightest of swimming garbs" likely to inspire much confidence in his knowledge of present-day social habits. "Most people" seeing it, he claims, would "readily infer" her "avocation." But if people were to infer the same thing of every girl who posed for a picture in a bikini—and act on the assumption—they could end up in real trouble.

He doesn't hesitate to censure Mr. Macmillan and his colleagues for taking the word of a liar. But he himself had no difficulty in believing that the politicians and prostitutes, perverts and pimps among his witnesses were in private "much more frank than they would otherwise have been." The ministers who questioned Mr. Profumo surely had more right than Lord Denning to believe their questions would be answered frankly. And they could hardly have foreseen that a man in Mr. Profumo's position would be fool enough to lie, since the outcome would be only too grimly predictable.

Lord Denning suggests they may not have asked the right questions, but there is nothing in his own report to suggest that Lord Denning showed any greater perception.

The ministers felt that if Mr. Profumo had not *in fact* committed adultery with Miss Keeler, he was not a security risk and had no motive, therefore, for—as it was rumored—helping her to disappear. But, says Lord Denning, "The real point may be, *not* whether Mr. Profumo had *in fact* committed adultery, but whether his conduct (proved or admitted) was such as to lead ordinary people *reasonably to believe* that he had."

If Mr. Profumo had been on trial, that might be a valid argument. But kangaroo courts at Cabinet level are something we can surely do without. And Lord Denning needs reminding that the kind of thing that leads ordinary people "reasonably to believe" is what brought about this whole inquiry in the first place.

Taken all in all, it has accomplished nothing. It can reassure none save those who never doubted, and to preach to the converted is a waste of public time and money. But at least the hefty flaws in this type of inquiry have been made glaring. With any luck, we shall not see its like again.

All Men Are Jews

IDIOTS FIRST. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 212 pp. $4.50.

Milton R. Stern

In his novels, Bernard Malamud generally separates the bizarre (*The Natural*) from "Jewishness" (*The Assistant*, S. Levin of *A New Life*). But in the short stories of *The Magic Barrel*, and now his new collection, *Idiots First*, fantasy and mythic *yiddishkeit* combine to make Malamud the Marc Chagall of contemporary fiction.

In the muted varicolors of his language there is the Chagall-like landscape of frozen, dreaming motion, a dimension of glue ("Still Life") through which the characters can barely move. It is a world of frustration ("The Death of Me") in which the inexplicable human character feebly, if ever, controls its fate, effects its desires. Malamud's compelling force as one of our major talents comes from his ability to evoke the sense of helplessness, anonymity and dislocation that besets the modern psyche. It is precisely in this sense that he identifies his Jews as modern everyman.

Nine of the twelve stories, reprinted from various periodicals, have Jews as their major characters, although in the Rome stories, the nature of Arthur Fidelman's Jewishness is problematical at best. "The Jewbird" and the title story hold the essence of Malamud's Jewish materials. In "Idiot's First," a dying father, frantically trying to provide for his thirty-nine-year-old idiot son, gains a last-minute triumph over the angel of death—a train ticket taker named Ginzburg. It's Ginzburg's business, as he says, to "create conditions. To make happen what happens. I ain't in the anthropomorphic business." He holds men to the "cosmic universal law, goddamit, the one I got to follow myself." It's the father's business to humanize conditions just a little, to wring from law and cosmos and death a few "small favors." "All men are Jews," Malamud has said, "although few men know it."

The Jewbird, a scraggy old blackbird named Schwartz, fleeing the "anti-semeets," flaps his herring-redolent way into the apartment of Harry Cohen, modern young frozen-foods salesman. Increasingly hostile to the equivocal manner and croaking mournfulness of the bird's scholarly and anachronistic presence, Cohen eventually kills Schwartz. All of Malamud's characters suffer outrage in a Ginzburg-governed world. If all men are Jews, the ironic twist is that the "anti-semeets" are named Ginzburg and Cohen. In sum, the monopoly on pain is a broadly human and perennial matter, rather than an ethnic or sociological specialty. In their reprentative roles, Malamud's suffering protagonists are necessarily combinations of *schlemiel* and saint.

However, it's just here that the danger lies for Malamud. As long as he

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controls the combination, he is superb. But when the control slips, as in the Arthur Fidelman stories, the protagonist becomes merely *schlemiel, shlimozzle* and slob, which is not Malamud's intention. It is as though the personal compassion—the "Jewishness"—that motivates his work misleads Malamud into believing that a universal and abstract sense of compassion will always redeem his characters. Sometimes, as in "Naked Nude," this is an unearned certitude: we want to join in kicking Fidelman. Given Malamud's thematic disposition of his materials, the one thing he cannot afford is a protagonist who arouses more disgust than pity, a character ("anti-hero" or no) who is a jerk only, deserving no better than he gets.

When he is on top of his material ("The Cost of Living," or "The German Refugee") he is still champ in his unique province. When he leaves it, as in "A Choice of Profession," he writes a story that any one of a score of practitioners of the form could write at least as well. If Malamud is sentenced, as I think he is, to inhabit the province almost exclusively, *Idiots First* raises a question crucial to the career of this most engrossing talent. Will his work be repetitions of snapshots from that realm, or will he be able to deepen its mines, extend its borders? Meanwhile, the bread currently in export from Malamud's country keeps us guessing, mingling as it does a few grains of chaff with the good, strong, black, sour rye.

After Many Deaths

(from the Italian of Alfredo de Palchi)

1

From an earth elsewhere
my granddad is back, the great absence,
who was my father's stand-in
and lived an anarchist's life
all those years grappling with grain sacks
for a weekly stint
of oil and rice —
the lame
giants of his toes
wadded with cotton to save them hurt
would break through the shoe holes.

Later, incased in his cancer
he'd smash his knuckles
against the doors
at the presence
whose slow tongue
devoured him
to the rasped eyeballs.

2

(His skull scrubbed by the grit
of the earth grins at the cancer-
conjured floor sprinkled
with camphor)

. . . that smell still bites
my nostrils.
Through his kitchen garden left
to quick-grass, through
my haggard mind
he's home
after many deaths —
but wherever home is
things have changed and hold
their breath; but of this
strong man
I remember his armpits
bitter with tobacco
and how hard he hugged me
in a never ransomed
safety . . .

Sonia Raiziss

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

The new season begins where the last one left off—with more British plays and productions. Ever since *A Man For All Seasons* attained smash hit proportions plus Drama Critics' prize prestige, Broadway managers who take show business seriously (as something designed for profit) have made the importation of British theatrical fare—plays, directors, entertainers and actors—our major theatrical accomplishment. We have become a colony again.

This proves not only how much the British stage has developed since the mid-fifties, but how much we have deteriorated. Not all the young English playwrights are "great," nor are all the English actors and directors "geniuses," but it is a fact that in volume of honorable effort, in social relevance, in ambition and quality, the British theatre today markedly excels our own. Whatever our opinion of the individual value of John Osborne, Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker, John Arden, Robert Bolt, Peter Shaffer, Shelagh Delaney, Brendan Behan, they are impressive as a group. Their collective works say something about the world in which they live that is worth our interested attention.

Along with the new playwrights, the English since 1956 have seen the rise of new organizations which propose to keep abreast of the times. Beside Joan Littlewood's Workshop (where Brendan Behan and Shelagh Delaney were "born") there are the Royal Court Theatre (where squawks of revolt were first heard), the Royal Shakespeare Company, operating importantly at the Aldwych Theatre, the Mermaid which sponsors Brecht and several of the satiric goons. And soon to be established is England's first National Theatre which will attempt to synthesize the interests of Laurence Olivier with those of Kenneth Tynan. Several other promising groups are being organized outside the capital.

Notable too is the fact that when especially talented young actors appear — Peter O'Toole for instance — they are not forever lost to the stage even after they have achieved fame and fortune in films.

This sharp access of vitality is not an isolated or accidental phenomenon. Something is happening in England! I put this vaguely because the British themselves are not sure

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exactly what it is. Are they in some unforeseen manner becoming a new nation, or are they collapsing? One thing is certain: there is less complacency or apathy in England than elsewhere in the West.

Some are sure that England is going "Socialist": it will soon vote Labour. Will this effect a real change—and what sort of change? Will decorum break down or will discipline become firmer? The "beatnik" influence is far more telling in England than with us. Puritanism is giving way to a certain freedom which creates both a bewildered laxity and an awful reappraisal of first principles. Class distinctions are dissolving materially while they remain noumenously more rigid. The intellectual is far less frequently characterized by ease of manner and grace of speech than by a certain grim earnestness. Crime and misdemeanor are increasing and becoming more efficient. There is less hypocrisy, which does not necessarily improve morals. Satire becomes fun rather than a threat. There is a great deal of political dispute. There is much talk of "commitment" (to the "Left") as well as a quiet resistance to it. Every question is open and a subject of controversy. There is perhaps a lessening of patience and more dogged despair than we hear about. The essence seems to be: is Britain going down in order or rising in chaos?

There is no point to the criticism frequently heard among us that something of this sort was going on in America during the late twenties and the thirties and that such tensions were also dramatized in our plays then. That Osborne and Wesker betray a superficial resemblance to Odets (or Pinter to Beckett) is not truly pertinent to the present state of the theatre either in England or America. What concerns us now is that the English stage is much more representative of life in Britain than the stage here is of our life. Are we to assume that nothing is going on among us, that we have declined to stagnation? Or is it only the economic organization of our theatre that is at fault?

The recently arrived plays here are not new to me nor to those readers who have followed my past reports on them from London. While by present Broadway standards they are undeniably superior, I do not have the high regard for them that the daily reviewers—justifiably in a way—have expressed.

Anouilh's *The Rehearsal* (Royale) comes to us by way of London with a largely English cast in a production more or less identical to the one I saw there two seasons ago. It is one of Anouilh's most adept variations on the theme of innocence corrupted by the vanity and the viciousness of worldly circumstance. The play is expert in craftsmanship, its writing clever, and it has a certain wit—the kind of wit that cuts no ice. It traces a pattern that suggests "depth" but which is merely facile. It is a sentimentally sad, "high-society" romance given a sophisticated gloss by a fine spray of Parisian acid. It is an example of *le faux bon*—the phony good—and none of Anouilh's theatrical legerdemain can convince me that what he has given us here possesses more than the flourish of his gamesmanship.

The performance likewise is fluent, polished and generally unaffecting. The ladies are attractive and wear their clothes well. Coral Browne always approaches true stature but has never been urged to the point of achieving it. Alan Badel who plays the self-destructive "villain" identified by the password, "I like to break things," strikes me as too soft and lachrymose for his role. But no fault should be found with any of the actors; they are playing characters who exist for display only.

John Osborne's *Luther* (St. James) is far more serious in the sense that Osborne has written a play about himself. If you imagine you are seeing a play about Luther (whose exact words are amply quoted) the Luther who was a great man, a great writer, a leader who changed Europe as well as the Church, a Luther who could also be referred to by the ungodly Anatole France as "that fat German monk full of beer and theology," you are mistaken. The play is almost entirely its author's self-castigating confession. It might have been subtitled "The Anatomy of the Angry Young Man."

In it Osborne tells us that he rather dislikes himself, that he suffers some peculiar distemper (ascribed to costiveness), that he had difficulty with his parents and hates authority. He asserts independence of his father (and by extension, of all "father figures") with the outcry, "I don't have to give you! I *am*." He feels he belongs to "a world that's dying." "The Last Judgment isn't to come. It is here now." He suffers a terrible sense of

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sin so that he must be admonished, "God isn't angry with you. It's you are angry with Him" and "You lavish too much attention on your own pain."

"There are three ways out of despair," says Luther (Osborne): "One is faith in Christ, the second is to become enraged by the world and make its nose bleed for it, and the third is the love of a woman!" In the end he turns against the peasants who try to convert the religious uprising to a social one. For this the true believers revile him. He is not a revolutionary, he is told, only a rebel. He is finally certain of nothing. The ultimate judgment arrived at is "that man hates himself . . . he could only love others" —to my way of thinking, a psychological contradiction, in fact, an impossibility.

The play is ambivalent; its virtue and vice reside in a humility that is akin to arrogance. It is very well written, combining surface grossness with inner violence in a spate of splendid rhetoric. Its real social significance is that it describes so many of the young British today who are in the same state of confused but talented ferment as Osborne himself. Their "constipation" has provoked a movement—the consequences of which may be considered either noisome or purifying or both.

The production, directed by Tony Richardson, is of simple and solid workmanship. The cast—mostly British—speaks well and makes all its points neatly. Albert Finney is one of the two best young actors in England today. (The other is O'Toole.) Finney has an honest vigor, a true forthrightness and, in other parts, considerable humor and invention. The role of Luther calls for enormous physical stamina, a ringing voice, incisive diction and great breath, an eloquent indignation, histrionic courage and command—all attributes with which the actor is generously endowed.

Of Arnold Wesker's provocative *Chips with Everything* (Plymouth), a play that provides a different sort of insight into the British scene, and of S. Hurok, whose importations enliven Broadway in another fashion, I shall speak in a later piece.

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ART

Max Kozloff

Pale puddles of atmosphere, chromatic incense: these are the alternating states of matter, by turns fluid or gaseous, depicted in Turner's water colors. For him, the visible world was always in a condition verging on material dissolution, and his sable brush, as it kisses the humid page, seems to be the only instrument that can *hold on* to the fading scene of our earthly life.

The emotionally grandiose, yet physically small-scaled, spectacle of Turner's enchantment, above all with light, is on view at the Washington National Gallery until October 13. It documents the sweep of a career—the most consequential in all of nineteenth-century English art—that ends in 1845, at a point of *letting go*, and the final dimming of perception in a series of furred blots. Because of its imminent abstraction, this moment in Turner is especially exciting today. And yet, as much as anything that had occupied him before, it denies exactly that flatness of the picture plane which is one of the major theses of modern art. Turner's contemporaneity is problematical.

At the beginning of his production one has to penetrate space by stepping over or around some foreground obstacle, as in the manner of eighteenth-century stage sets; then, eventually, the path inward encounters less and less resistance. One finds oneself buoyant, breast-stroking, as it were, through open reaches, funneling into vertiginous distances. All volumes tend to recede to the margins, appearing there as porous clouds, while the center suctions the eye along the channels of this rainbow-colored vacancy to a point of luminous ache and trackless infinitude. We constantly see *through*, rather than look at, these vistas, marines and mountainscapes.

To effect an illusion of vast space in water color, as in any other medium, atmospheric perspective is required. But since his only source of light is the whiteness of his paper, the aquarellist approaches transparence, gaining greater recessiveness and light intensity as he thins his paint. So, Turner's values are immensely high keyed, and the strength of his palette deteriorated. Any sharp contrast or tangible spot, moreover, tends to destroy the illusory vastness by emerging out of the aerial envelope. But Turner was equally bent on avoiding mere nebulosity, as the repeated foreground poof of a dark spot, and his separated sheets of wash, no matter how obscurely attenuated, testifies. If the spectator is never too much aware of the huge loss of energy, it is because of the optical proportionateness, the exquisite nicety, with which the nuances are distributed. Firmly associating a diaphanous veil with a dazzling haze, Turner successfully negotiates from a position of weakness.

But this solution to a technical problem could not have failed to exercise an influence upon his expressive aims. A marriage between the sheer mechanics of the water-color process, as he conceived of them, and the panoramic scope of the British view-painting tradition, from which he derived, led to his fugitive vision of the world. In a sense, too, these little paintings are metaphors of the fragility of water color itself, as a medium. That is why the totally conventionalized schemes of the picturesque and sublime, illustrated by his colleagues, evoked in him a poetry of evanescence, while still retaining their identity. In many of his sketches, as distinct from finished, worked up water colors, his intention was not to elicit a mood, but

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to note an effect. Yet even the modesty of such studies is charged with a vague grandeur that establishes a modern union between the old eighteenth-century polarities of observation and construction.

Not that Turner was ever a faithful documentarian. Though he was inordinately fond of experiment, none of his astonishing range of techniques was called into being by a specific subject, but rather by his self-regulating imagination. The exhibition discloses the ultimate triumph of that imagination, quiescent in the earliest architectural descriptions, rhetorical in the Alpine views, and finally maturing in the *songeries* of his two trips to Venice, and the stay at Petworth. Of all the great early nineteenth-century masters, Turner was the least touched by the naturalistic fidelity to appearances which haunted the period. On the contrary, it should be said of him that he pursued the preciousness of sensation itself, as opposed to the description of things.

Today we tend to give that destination in art the term, symbolism. Far from anticipating the Impressionists, as even the exhibition catalogue mistakes him to do, Turner prophesied the *fin de siècle* cult of responsiveness to the inner intuition of the senses. Such, at least, I take to be the lesson of the sublimated conflict in the water colors, of the urgency to fix perceptions which by their very nature are beyond sensory grasp. Turner, of course, never put to systematic use the abstract potentialities of his medium, for his own consciousness of the direction he had taken was far more retarded than what he had actually accomplished. In that gap, so acutely expressed by a late water color, *Whale Aground*, in which thought substitutes for appearance, and movement for object, he generated a double image, remarkably poignant to the eye of the twentieth century.

"Color field" painting in America, to call it by the name that most sensibly distinguishes it from Abstract Expressionism, is blazoned forth rapturously this month in the memorial exhibition of Morris Louis, at the Guggenheim Museum. Great scrims of subtly differentiated, transparent, but overpoweringly saturated hues are the major ingredients of this style, best known to the public through the work of Mark Rothko. Morris Louis was almost ten years younger than Rothko, and matured somewhat later, between 1954 and 1960, the period chronicled by this show.

For all their radiance, Rothko's works always retain some energy, and conceal, or rather only imply, an impact that the spectator himself must eventually discover. Louis, on the other hand, explodes the palette, and instantly electrifies the speechless senses. As one critic, Robert Rosenblum, put it, the beholder of Louis' paintings "has to blink away their undiluted beauty before setting the mind to work."

In point of fact, though, he was speaking of the artist's last canvases, in which colors are separated at full strength out of the spectrum. The works in the present show, very dilute indeed, make it seem as if Louis had a synthetic before an analytic phase in his career. Here the painter's own activity of mind is emphasized, for simple primary colors and their complements continually intermingle by means of successively absorbed uneven overlaps, thus producing ever more undefinable and exotic secondaries. I discovered myself following the life cycle of, it might have been an outer prong of orange or blue, as it became increasingly more transgressed, broken down, and hence, fascinatingly nameless. Somewhere toward the center of these controlled trajectories, into ever more muffled conflagrations of color, the eye path loses itself. Here, then, appear the tenets of Louis' art: to transpose the acid dyes of the perimeter into the somber, resonant drifts of the interior, to decrease the early strength of body color in order to make more evocative a final coloristic weakness, and, lastly, to hold the seduced faculties of the observer in a contemplative poise before the spectacle of a languid pictorial change. All this particularly applies to the "Floral" series of 1959-60, the work which I judge to be at the zenith of his career.

A few years earlier, however, Louis's effects were more unitary, resolved generally into one hue which was a kind of container for tremulous variations—a basic chrome yellow, for instance, shading off into orange and lemon. Dyed into unprimed canvas, like Rothko's, these powerful acrylic resin colors blot into an ineffable softness, relieved only by the dried rims of the pigment areas. Each canvas is a recollection of vagrant liquidity. But Rothko's depths always seem to grow darker, while, in Louis,

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the bare canvas acts as a kind of dull shield for space, and seem to force color right off the surface into which, in fact, the paint is absorbed. Add to this the presence of warms that "jump," but which are degraded by cool overlays, and one has a very equivocal flatness indeed. Still more important, if Rothko's planes have a cloudy density, indicating the work of a brush, however silky, Louis "lets" the color on by spilling and tilting, and his chromatic tissue, therefore, has an impersonal weightlessness. The incidents caught by and within his chance patterns, such as the various screenlike shifts of dregs of the eaten-up pigment (which look like gentle deposits of ash) have a certain pathos. But essentially one perceives the artist as outside his work, manipulating at a distance, and the visual experience is intriguing, as it is in Pollock, but now at a deliciously slower, dreamlike pace, by its flirtation with chaos—and by its partial surrender of will.

There is overweaning romanticism in all this, not in the least mitigated, but rather enhanced, by the mechanistic creative process. Yet it would be difficult to overlook Louis' extraordinary affinity with *Art Nouveau*. I find it natural to interpret his great florid arabesques, his swaying forms of growth, the veiled irridescence of areas substantial as chiffon, as a nostalgia, conscious or not, for the erotic style of the 1890s. Even the profiles of his shapes in 1958, precious despite their enormous scale, resemble Tiffany ware. At their most comprehensive, the Louis works of that year are capable of bathing the spectator in a sensation not dissimilar to a warm shower. But his instincts, highly wrought emotionally, were in the end decorative and conceptual.

After giving us a few supreme paintings, in which there is an intimation of paint miraculously turning itself into a reverie of movement and space, Louis contracted his spills into vertical bands or ribbons. Even though bullied by gross expanses of bare canvas, they are still terribly attractive icons. It is only that their apprehension of the world has been reduced, and their dazzle is merely optical. Apparently Louis had to withdraw before materializing a dialogue between spirit and substance in this vision. But compared even to his withdrawal, the success of much abstract art today looks wan and shallow.

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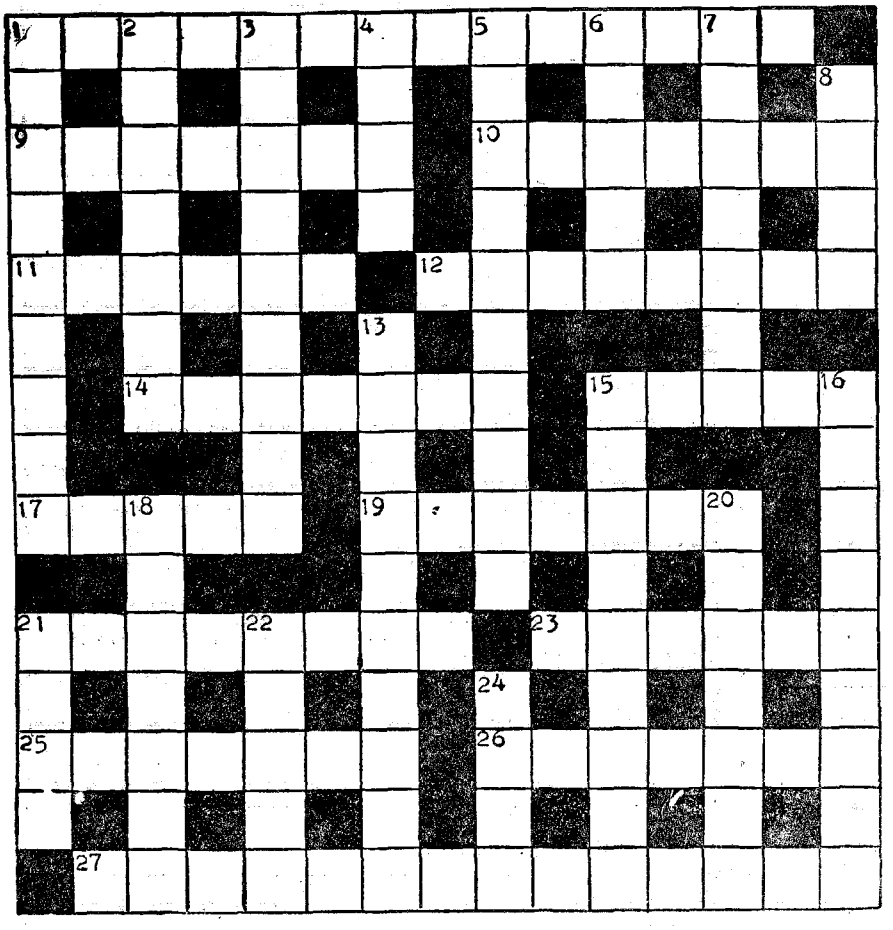
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Acting like Touchstone? (7, 3, 4)
9 Part of it is popular, but uses a form of 18. (7)
10 Longfellow was concerned with the possible hanging of one. (It was quite alarming!) (7)
11 One should be diplomatic, but the union is disturbed about the number inside. (6)
14 In such an environment, is it any wonder that you hear the sound of a cry-baby? (7)
15 Do people who count find them soporific? (5)
17 They should offer openings in the Revolution, generally speaking.
19 Is spotted fruit wrapped in one of cloth? (7)
21 Two identical varieties of seafood packed in jelly? (4-4)
23 Slightly more than a brush with the law! (6)
25 No do-gooder, certainly. (3, 4)
26 Let out again, in more than one way. (7)
27 1 down, possibly, or granting each a new position. (9, 5)

DOWN:

1 Certainly not mountain music, though it should be easy to understand. (5, 4)
2 Albion's rare breed. (7)
3 Resulting the foreign sort are reputedly dangerous. (9)
4 The material part of anything is the material part, obviously. (4)
5 One certainly couldn't send night letters via this. (10)
6 Judge, perhaps — one of the better sort? (5)
7 Twist, or weave—one needs power to do it. (7)
8 Color, applied incorrectly to a sort of polish? (4)
13 Is one slap-happy? (4-6)
15 and 21 down Ingredient that enters in pairs, if properly mixed. (9, 4)
16 How one acquires a position, rather than just a job? (9)
18 Detective movie announcement?
20 and 12 across Marley was obviously not quick. (4, 2, 1, 4-4)
22 What we might be doing with tobacco and wine — at least most of us seem to be. (5)
24 For the initial letter of a boat? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1027

ACROSS: 1 Madge; 4 Piping hot; 9 Forestall; 10 Voter; 11 Incognito; 12 Greek; 13 Agitatedly; 17 Treadmills; 21 Topic; 22 Highlands; 23 Heart; 24 Insensate; 25 Sheerness; 26 Scent. DOWN: 1 Muffin; 2 Direct; 3 Ensign; 4 Playing with fire; 5 Paleontologists; 6 Navigate; 7 Hotheads; 8 Turnkeys; 14 Stitches; 15 Template; 16 Educator; 18 Slants; 19 Inmate; 20 Aspect.

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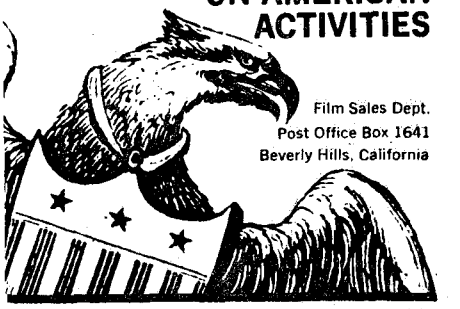

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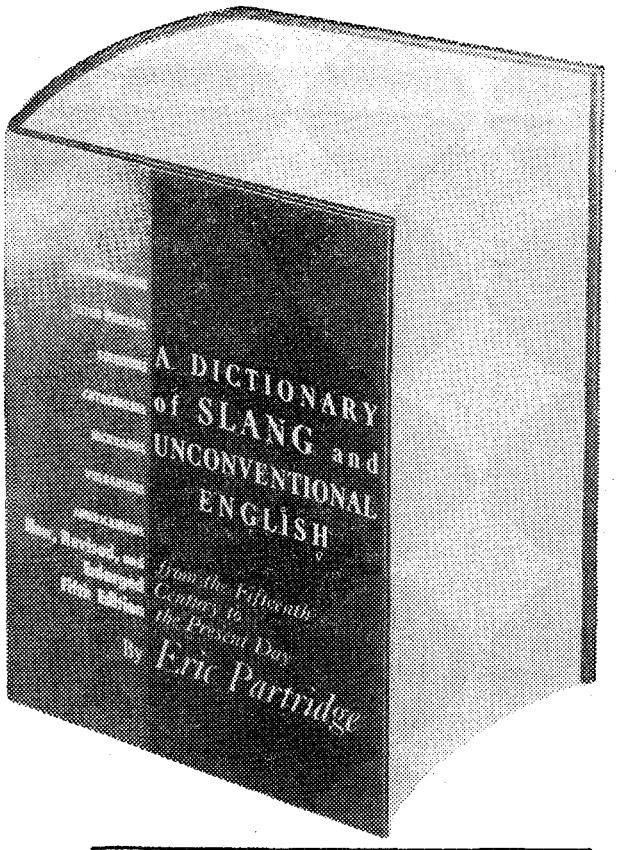

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